

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Palm Springs
March 19, 1949

HERBERT W. ARMSTRONG, Chairman

Dear Basil and Honor and Monte:

Just finished reading your letter. Jim, Bev, and kids are here with us for week-end, and Jimmy roared as I read your letter. How do you feel, being laughed at? Larry won't let me write. Every time I strike a capital letter the carriage on this machine lifts up, and it has Larry excited. "What makes it ~~lift~~ lift up like that?" he's asking—"look, Grandpa, what's wrong with it?"

"C'mon, Herb," says Loma—"I thought you weren't going to start that letter now—let's go." I wanted to go, and she wouldn't. I started to write, and she wants to go. Go where? She doesn't know. She just wants to GO. For 32 years she's been trying to keep up with her nerves, but she hasn't caught up with them yet. So, I gotta go. I just wanted to say, -- you forgot to tell me in your letter about beating up your wife this time. I think I know the reason. She has another guy in the house to defend her, and he'd beat your ears off if you beat her any more.

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This is now Sunday, early afternoon. We are waiting for Dick to arrive. He left home 4½ hours ago, but it seems he was going to Long Beach after his girl (he just learned a week ago Evelyn is to marry another fellow, and he has a new girl now), and I think Billy Gene Dillon and girl, and bring them along—so he may and may not arrive.

A week ago we found a DREAM of a little home here, just five miles out of town in a new subdivision in the desert. The houses are all new, and one is a furnished model home, furnished by Bullock's who have a new large store here, a miniature of the one in Pasadena. Their decorators did a very unusual job on this one. The lot is ~~100 by about 160~~ 100 by about 160. The house is built of concrete bricks. The property is \$12,500, and Bullock's decorator said the furniture, furnishings, etc. cost \$5,000. I was about to buy the model home, possession 90 days. Could get it \$500 now, \$500 at close of 30 day escrow—which is \$1,000 down, and \$75 a month, and furniture, one third in ninety days and a year or more on balance. I figured we could rent the place two months, then have it to use for a month, then rent two months, etc., and in one year it would pay for itself all but the \$75 a month on the property, and we could kill that by renting it a couple months each year. Trouble is, we found three things wrong with it, on investigation. The agent insisted I write out a check for \$500 right now, and that made me suspicious, so we investigated. We found it is in the section they call "the draw" here—the high wind district. Here they don't advertise the "out of the high rent district," but "out of the high wind district." Second, we would be unable to rent the place out in that district, so it wouldn't pay for itself. Third, Bullock's decorator, on adding all costs of the inventory on Monday, found it was over \$9,000 instead of \$5,000. BOY, it was a dream! I hated to wake up from that one. Reminds me of the time Mutt was leading a goat down the street with a pail on his arm, yelling "Fresh Goat's milk—milked while you wait." Mutt stood off a little distance shaking his head in disgust, and called Jeff over. He whispered something in Jeff's ear. In the last strip, they were both walking off, leaving the goat standing there. ~~Ma~~ Jeff was saying, "Well, he was a nice old Billy, anyway." Also reminds me of Larry last night at dinner. He had roast turkey. He seemed to enjoy it. Bev asked,

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"Is that better than Mommy cooks at home?" Larry was visibly embarrassed. "Well-1-1," sorrowfully, "maybe it isn't any better." Then, a second later, with enthusiasm, "But, O BOY! THIS IS GOOD, even if it isn't any better."

** And now, it's Tuesday. That's as far as they would let me get, with all the kids here. I remember, now. Dick and girl friend arrived just at that stage.

Yesterday morning Loma and I drove down toward Indio, but never got that far. The desert is really beautiful down that way. Some of the most scenic expanses we ever saw. The desert wild flowers are all in bloom—and they are a dazzling array. Then we drove thru large forrests of stately date palms. Never had seen anything like it before—great, tall palm trees all in rows, and so close together their leaves touch at the top, and grape-fruit trees planted in between rows. They use a very peculiar type of irrigation—great ridges and ditches running between the rows, filled with water. It's an experience. Today or tomorrow we are going back, and shoot a lot of color film, but of course it will entirely miss the ATMOSPHERE.

Gradually, day by day and little by little, I am getting over this cold, sore throat, and resulting catarrh condition---I mean, as you said, my nose has been in a fluid state. I was simply so run-down in condition that this last attack of flu simply got me down, and I couldn't throw it off. If I had not gone into an immediate fast I know I just would not be here telling it now. Even after 8 and 10 days of fasting my head was still thick with cold, and I was using two or three handkchfs a day. But each day I could notice a slight improvement—just enough to be barely perceptible. By week end the head cold was mostly gone, but still a feeling of sore throat at night, and on waking in the morning. Now the sore throat is almost entirely gone—I can still feel just the slightest amount of it, if I concentrate on looking for it, at bed time and on rising. Nose still partly fluid on rising in the morning, and after 2 hours I seem to get it blown out and it doesn't erupt again until next morning. Well, I'll have to keep on this fast until it has left entirely. I haven't had to take a drop of wine, or anything else, to sleep nights, and for two weeks have been getting fine sleep---and THAT'S REALLY SOMETHING. When we went to Santa Barbara for my 28 day fast last June, I remember that until the last week I was unable to get to sleep until between 11: and 2:AM, and often IF I succeeded in g ing to sleep I would wake up about 2:30 AM and be awake one to two hours before getting to sleep again. Too drowsy to do anything but play solitaire. That was torture. I've been spared all that this time. I am feeling really fine, now, and have been for about four days—except, of course, for the weakness and lack of energy that necessarily accompanies fasting.

Now let me see. What is it I haven't told you? Did I tell you about "Mayfair?" The deal was delayed, but all to our advantage, because as it was I didn't have to do any special fund raising, but was able to pay the \$2,000 out of bank. It went into escrow some three weeks or more ago, all OK. The matter of that vacant South Orange Grove Ave. frontage has been a red hot issue. They went before the City Planning commission for a permit. Their hearing was postponed two weeks, but I understand they finally got it last Thursday. But the owner of the ground has not received a cent on it. The builder lacks the money to build his proposed apartments. They have an escrow on the ground, and the builder has paid in \$2,000, but they did not have to reveal the details of

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this to the Commission, and my information is that this money has all been released to pay for architect's drawings submitted to the Commission. Their plan is to go out and sell the 16 apartments to be built in these four buildings, and take in enough money in advance to finance the building construction. Such a plan was tried farther down South Orange Grove, at California, and fell flat—no takers. Mr. Merritt says these fellows couldn't even build a back-house, and doesn't seem worried. Mr. Merritt says he is going to work out a deal with us, and I have suggested that we include this South Orange Grove property in the deal. Before coming out here I sent him a letter offering to pay him \$15,000 more than whatever price he has to pay the present owner, if he will buy and re-sell to us on terms. Present owner needs quick cash, and is not interested in any of our long-term deals. Of course, if and when they fail in their apartment project, then maybe our long term deal will be better than nothing.

Loma and I have been rather jolted with a new perspective, since coming here, and have given it serious thought. The question came, are we getting ahead of God, or going beyond His plans for us, in our plans for this larger, super-fine college? We want to keep down to earth, with clear vision and true perspective. So, we have gotten back to the original and permanent PURPOSE of this college. It is not the END of this work, but merely a MEANS toward its true end, which is to PROCLAIM THE TRUE GOSPEL TO ALL THE WORLD, AND TO WARN ISRAELITISH NATIONS OF IMENDING DISASTER AND CAPTIVITY. The REASON for the college is to supply trained personnel for this world-mission. We must never consider that the Radio Church is merely the fund-raising department of the college. The idea is to surround myself with students studying the Bible under me, but also being taught all the fundamental subjects of a Liberal Arts education by other professors I surround myself with. Now at present all my students, except Dick, are really converted, spiritual-minded young people, and apparently all will devote their lives to our work in some capacity. And even Dick probably will, too, in the radio capacity. Now should we try to KEEP IT THAT WAY—just a very small school, with all the students converted spiritual-minded people, or go on with the bigger college idea? My idea in the larger college is that perhaps one out of 20 students will be converted, and prove to be called, and useable on the active staff of getting out the Gospel. Of course we must remember that in a work of our type and scope, while I do need some additional ministers and evangelists, MUCH of the required personnel will not be actual ministers at all. For instance, in England and many other countries we probably will not even adopt vocal preaching as our METHOD. Radio is closed to us in such countries. The present plan is to use the method of advertising and printed literature. Advertising in newspapers and periodicals, then direct-mail follow-up, The PLAIN TRUTH, European edition, etc. I will need a trained staff to execute that work, none of which needs be an ordained minister. Now the answer to the present question hinges on another question: Can we better, quicker, more effectively supply this need by keeping the college small, or launching on the crusade for the bigger college?

We went into Pasadena Friday, and I talked it over with O'Rear, and then with all the students. They were almost unanimous in feeling we need the larger college, as planned. They feel, and so do I, we will actually get two to three times as many we can put to this USE as if we let the college stay a little small one of 20 to 60 students. Of course, on this latter basis, we ALREADY HAVE ALL THE PROPERTY WE SHALL NEED. To realize that was rather start-

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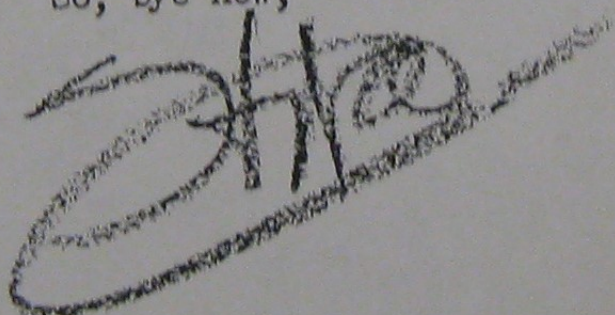
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ling. But Betty brought up the point that even our present students will get a far more thorough and better rounded training if we have a larger student body, than just the handful--especially along personality development. Then the larger school, of course, makes available far better and more complete facilities, such as library, laboratory, etc., to say nothing of the athletic program which may be more or less important. So, if we get two or three times as many for our purpose within the same time, and they are BETTER trained, it would seem that this advantage is well worth all the intense dynamic effort it is going to take to develop this larger and very fine college we envision.

But I had to come to the place where I was WILLING to give up this dream, and be content with such as we already have. I do find, tho, that while God demands our WILLINGNESS to give up, usually he either 1) replaces what we give up with something incomparably better, or 2) does not require us to give it up, after all--as in the case of Abraham being willing to sacrifice Isaac.

Well, my mind just won't take it any longer, Basil. I'm tired, so will close. Hope to see you soon. So far as needing to stay at our house only a year or two, we'd be glad to have you stay three or four years---and we'd urge you to eat breakfasts, too. I know I've overlooked things I ought to say, but my mind won't reach to it, now. Besides I'm out here for rest.

So, bye now,

A large, stylized handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'HWA', with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.